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The Flame That Freezes



fantasy

myth

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Chapter 1 by Skeld

He was angry at everyone. He was angry at everything. But, especially, he was at his brother. Well... step-brother might be appropriate, but he was angry still. Ever since his mother died, his drunkard of a father had married that young smithy's daughter and lo! and behold Skit had a younger brother. He never liked him anyway. He never liked anybody

in this hellhole in the middle of nowhere. It was freezing winter and everybody were all but buried in their home.

He had come out hunting and found a game trail that went up Snake Mountain. His brother (who was now almost 9) had come tagging along with much to the annoyance of his teenage brother.

"I don't want your burden Lugwar. I have my own worries and I don't want to get you killed". Well do you see people? Do you see how my words were prophetic?

His brother had fallen off the cliff while turning a bend on the narrow passing. Now, he had to face his father's wrath. He stopped suddenly because he

was so lost in his thoughts, he had strayed from his path and he was now looking at an icy cliff. Well, good thing he had his climbing gear. He was going to climb the cliff and search for another game trail.

So he went upwards and u

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SLASH! he sliced something on the rock. Then something unbelievable happened !!! a monstrous blue claw came out of nowhere and grabbed him. Then he saw something he had only seen in his dreams. He remembered old master Hugo teaching him about Snow Dragons and of their deeds in the Age Of Warriors, he thought they were just myths.

But, right before him was myth crashing into reality. He saw a blue monster bursting from the cliff. His life, however short, went flying before his eyes. The dragon opened his mouth and let out The Ice Flame. But he opened his eyes and saw that he was alive. But all around him, the place was covered with icicles. Then, the dragon spoke in a deep and ancient voice-"So, YOU are the chosen mortal".

Chapter 2 by Glowpy-Druglord



"What?" he asked, mildly frightened.

The dragon pulled himself up onto the rock some more, his enormous blue body towering over the man. Its pale white eyes slid down to look at him, its massive claws on either side of the rock.

"I was told by another dragon, a Keeper of Knowledge, that a chosen mortal will arise and slay Death." He tipped his snout downwards to get a better look. "I just hope Fjord was right."

"What are you talking about? I'm just like any other human, my brother just died." The dragon silenced his furious cries with a raise of his massive claws.

"This world's creator, Lavarias, was foretold of a human able to with stand any flame, anything a dragon could throw at him. I see now that Fjord was not crazy after all. What is your name?"

Before he could answer, the dragon let out a pain filled cry as another dragon, this one almost a shadow bit down on the water creature's neck. Deep red blood spurted from the dragon's neck as the nightmare creature dragged the snow dragon down into the water. The man looked over the edge, only to be knocked back by a forceful wave of water as the shadow dragon erupted from the depths of the ocean. Its eyes were soulless, its fangs covered in blood. As it lunged for him, the water dragon's talons wrapped around the creature's chest and heaved him back.

"Chosen one!" the snow dragon said. "See more of Story Wars" [Keeper of Death. Kill him!](#)

"I...I don't know how!" the

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"Yes you do! Harness the power of the Guardians and kill him!" The dragon heaved the other backwards, their struggles stirring up a storm in the ocean. He dug his talons into the nightmare.

"Do it, boy," the nightmare taunted. "Show Death what you can do."

He.....

Chapter 3 by Brother Anteris



Skit sat back on the wet, rocky ground wide-eyed and scared; he hadn't known how to harness this power, in fact, he didn't even know that the power existed. Dragons and magic were the stuff of legend, and all he had been was the half brother to a boy he couldn't save and a father that didn't care; guilt pulled him down at his ankles, he had warned Lugwar right? Wasn't that enough?

The young man felt hope seize inside him just as the black dragon pulled his savior under, the thunderous roar of the two were choked from existence as water engulfed them. Had it been seconds? Minutes? Hours? Skit merely sat, afraid to move, afraid to face what had clearly stared him in the face. He knew what was asked of him.

From the swirling depths, the black monstrosity rose. Steam lazily streamed from his nostrils, disappearing in the wind just above his rugged head; something about it reminded skit of the incense at the temples, where he would watch the people pray and know that the smoke would bring their messages to loved ones long since passed. Or in his case, more recently.

Skit could feel blood leave his face at the sound of the dragon's organ shaking growl, it simply snorted in the young man's direction then unfurled its wings to take off. The dragon was gone just as fast as it appeared.

'Pity. If I'm the chosen one... why am I not worth the time to kill?' Tears rolled down his face freely now that none had been there to watch. He felt worthless and alone, unworthy of death

even

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"There!" A woman's voice cut through the fog of darkness that shrouded Skit's mind, it sounded like tinkling bells. She was tall, with long dark hair, wearing a long curved sword and a thick shield, it looked as if she were ready for a battle with something much larger

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than she. Skit couldn't tell if the woman was happy to see that there wasn't a dragon there, but with all the men and women that spilled out behind her in similar attire to hers, he knew that they were expecting a fight.

"Boy! Are you hurt?" Skit merely looked up at the woman, unable to speak. "They aren't here. Take the boy, we must return to our people." She looked young, but the way she acted told him that she was much older than she seemed. It wasn't until he was safe in the camp did he learn that she was 12 years his senior.

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Skit awoke to the smell of pine needles and seared beef in a dimly lit yurt, he moved to look out the flap of the large tent, trying to realign himself with where he was. As if on cue, the woman he last saw before he passed out ducked under the quaking opening; she was of average height, but was built like someone who had seen many battles. Skit couldn't tell if she was his age or not, but that didn't matter much anyway.

"You're awake, good. There is much we need to talk about, chosen one." She placed a hand on the hilt of her sword. "Food and clothes have been provided for you." She said motioning to the small table next to the bed. "Get some meat on those bones of yours, boy; then put on the fur. We are in the throes of winter, don't want to have the chosen die of exposure." With that said, she exited.

#### Chapter 4 by Carlson Lim- I am back from a very long break



Skit sat silently on the chair the girl had motioned at, and stared at the food placed in front of him. Roasted duck, steamed hare etc. Skit couldn't believe his luck, he didn't believe in 'the chosen one' but living in this place would feel like living in a mansion. But what Skit didn't know was he could possibly die from Death.

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## Chapter 5 by YYE Starry



Skit saw just a blue iris and incredibly detailed scales. As soon as he saw it, the dragon sat up. Skit grabbed the sword and quickly rushed out into the cold with a feeling of dread. He was immediately punched by a swirling mass of ice, snow, wind and cold. "What happened here?" He yelled into the frenzy, shivering. No one replied. But he knew even if they had, the blizzard would have swept it away in its white arms. Skit tried to look around for the dragon he glimpsed earlier, but yet again, the blizzard blocked his sight. The only thing he could do was retreat into the comfort of his inn. And so he did. But when Skit went in, he saw again, the dragon he had seen by his bedside. But it was so small! Just big enough to fit his palm. Skit rushed towards it, throwing his sword to one side, and gaped at it in wonder. It hit him that since he was so close to the dragon when he woke up, he saw it in a much larger scale. It flew up to Skit's side, chirping like a Finch. 'It must be a baby,' Skit decided, feeling its small wings beat so close to his side with a rush of comfort. The tiny dragon coughed out a small breath of blue flames, but Skit knew that he would not be hurt as he was 'The Chosen One'. He later named it Chirp. But Skit still had to find his tribe mates. Thus once the blizzard ended, he stepped out with Chirp at his side, only to find that the whole camp had been torn apart.

## Chapter 6 by Soccer Dude #18



"Well what has happened here Chirp?" Skit asked the tiny dragon mindlessly, "And now I'm talking to a baby dragon, I am going crazy really fast now aren't I?" He asked to no one in particular. Skit grabbed his sword and scoured the camp for survivors. He was climbing over a fallen down sword stand when he heard, "help, help! end my misery, please!" the distant voice cried in vain, "hold on! I'm coming!" Skit yelled to the only other survivor.

When he reached the man, he noticed that the man's arms and legs were bent at unnatural angles, the man would die soon, even if Skit could find the man medical help, he was going to

have to end this man's life, this would be Skit's first killing of many.

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Skit wandered aimlessly as he thought about the man back at camp, before he ended the poor man's life he asked him his name, it was emmett and he was a father of four, which made Skit feel even worse about ending Emmett's life, he had made sure he gave Emmett a proper burial, even if it meant nothing.

## Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8

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